

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

87

PROFESSOR
ALF. SOMMERFELT
D.Litt.

says some interesting
things about the rela-
tionship and influences
between

NORWAY AND
SCOTLAND

"THE ANVIL ON WHICH SCOTTISH NATIONALITY WAS HAMMERED OUT"

This is for Leading Telegraphist

"BILLY" APLIN



Sandy purred his greeting, Bill!

MRS. GERTRUDE APLIN came along the passage towards her little house, smiling, a bunch of blue hydrangeas in her hand.

When we told her we came from "Good Morning" and wanted to send a message from her to her son, Leading Telegraphist William Aplin, submariner, her face lit up.

"I've just sent him a parcel. He's twenty-one in a fortnight's time," she said.

"Billy" Aplin can't get home for his twenty-first. We aren't allowed to say where he's serving, but it's too far away for him to swim.

But at 13a Brunswick Street, Teignmouth, Devon, his mother and father will celebrate his coming-of-age as best they can. And maybe at Chard, too, there is someone who will have a special thought for him that day.

She became engaged to him last Christmas, and when he comes home they are to be married.

"Tell him we will keep a bottle to drink his health when he comes back," said his happy mother. "Billy" is her only child. "And we long for that day."

Aplin has been in the Navy five years, and in submarines since last April. He didn't quite know whether he wanted to serve beneath the surface or well above it, for he once was keen on getting into the R.A.F.

His mother showed us a book of drawings of aircraft "Billy" had done—clever work—and told us he had made several models of planes.

He was at Dunkirk, serving in the Ack-Ack ship "Newcastle," and he fought at Dieppe.

There is another person, too, who will be delighted to see "Billy" back. That is "Sandy," the ginger cat, who purred loudly while we took a photograph. He's a favourite with the family. You can see that by his sleekness and contentedness.

The tomato plants outside the window are coming along fine, Leading Telegraphist Aplin. Maybe you'll get a tomato cocktail if you aren't too long.

"Send him our love, and tell him we hope he had a happy twenty-first birthday," said Mrs. Aplin.

"Billy," the folks at home are fine!

WISE MEN SAID THESE WORDS

Had we never moved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Robert Burns.

There is a tide in the affairs of women, which taken at the flood leads—God knows where.

Lord Byron.

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.

Henry James Byron.

What is the worth of anything, but for the happiness 'twill bring?

Richard Owen Cambridge.

No great man lives in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men.

Thomas Carlyle.

But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Macbeth.

THE reader of the old Scottish and Norse chronicles might think that Norway and Scotland had little more in common than the history of wars, from the plundering of Iona in 795 to the battle of Largs in the autumn of 1263. Nothing would be farther from the truth.

For the Norwegians, Scotland was the first station on the road to Western Europe, the road along which the Norsemen were christened and europeanised, a process which resulted in the blossoming forth of a rich mediæval civilisation in Iceland and Norway.

To Scotland the Viking emigration brought a vigorous ethnic element. The struggle with the Norsemen was "the anvil on which Scottish nationality was hammered out," says a Scottish historian.

The Vikings

For more than 250 years Scotland and Norway remained in the closest contact. For the Vikings who traded, harried and settled in Scotland were Norwegians either from the homeland or from the Norse colonies, the Faroe Islands and Iceland.

Then, as in this war, Norwegian boats sailed from South-West Norway to the Shetlands and the Orkneys, and from there to the mainland, or along the west and east coasts down into the Irish Sea, or to Northumbria.

TREES TO COVER 5,000,000 ACRES

IT was Gladstone or William Cobbett, or somebody who used to go for a walk with a pocketful of acorns and stick one in the ground every now and then, so that there should be oaks in plenty for his descendants.

To-day the Government is thinking along the same lines, only instead of acorns they are going to plant pine-cones, larch-cones, and the seeds of soft-wood trees which will come to maturity in a comparatively short time.

They are planning to plant 3,000,000 acres of them. And, in addition, they are going to select 2,000,000 acres of forest already in existence and see they are expertly treated.

The reason for all this is, of course, that in war-time vast areas of woodland and forestland are depleted to help provide wood and its products for the war effort. In this war, especially, the need is great.

96% IMPORTED.

For in pre-war years we got 96 per cent. of our timber from abroad, and much of this flow of wood and its products to the industries of Britain has been stopped.

During the last war, or directly afterwards, the total acreage of trees felled in Britain had amounted to 45,000 acres. By the end of this war this figure will have been far surpassed.

The planting of the trees will extend over a fifty-year period. In the first ten years after the war about 1,000,000 acres would be planted, and this would provide thousands of ex-servicemen with work.

There are already three great national parks consisting of forestland in Britain, and it is suggested that it would not be difficult to establish one new park of this kind each year.

The route was an ancient one Pytheas from Marseilles had used in 330 B.C., and it must be much older. Before the beginning of the Viking age proper, harmless peasant folk from the More and the Agder-Rogaland coasts had perhaps settled in the Shetlands and the Orkneys, if the theory is right that the many abandoned farms in south-west Norway from the fifth to the eighth century are an indication of an emigration across the North Sea.

However this may be, it is certain that it was in Scotland and Ireland that the Norwegians first met with western civilisation.

Those countries and also the east coast of the Irish Sea from Scotland to Cornwall were their main field of operation, whereas the Danes conquered England.

Coming of religion

Official Christendom came to Norway from England; our kings brought English priests with them, priests who spoke a language closely related to Old Norse, but the ground had been prepared through the contact with Scotland and Ireland. Celtic and Norse saints were implored by both nations.

The story of King Alexander II (1214-49) told by the Norse saga is significant in this respect.

Alexander wanted to acquire the Hebrides and summoned King John to betray his overlord King Haakon of Norway. King John refused, and when Alexander prepared an expedition against him Alexander had a dream. Three men came towards him.

The third asked him if he intended to attack the Hebrides, and the king replied in the affirmative. The man told him to turn back if he would not fare badly. The first of the men was Saint Olav, the second Saint Magnus of the Orkneys, and the third Saint Columba.

The failure of King Haakon the Old to maintain his sway on the Isle of Man and the Hebrides—they were ceded at Perth in 1266 against the payment of 4,000 merks and a subsidy of 100 merks a year—led to peace and collaboration between Scotland and Norway. The peace treaty was called a final agreement between the kings and their countries.

Shipping rights

The treaty contained regulations concerning shipwrecks and trade, and ensured the citizens of the two countries freedom of navigation. Bergen, the Beirbhe of Gaelic folklore, was a great commercial centre also for the Scots.

In 1281 the Norwegian King Eirik Magnusson married Princess Margaret, daughter of Alexander III; when she died, the King in 1293 married Isabella, sister of Robert Bruce.

According to the marriage contract of 1281, Queen Mar-

garet's children had the right of succession to the Scottish throne, and when Alexander died in 1286 her daughter Margaret, the "Maid of Norway," was in 1290 sent from Bergen with a numerous suite. She died, however, when she arrived in the Orkneys, deeply mourned by both peoples.

For the Norwegians, Scotland is closely associated with the happiest and greatest period of Norway's old history.

When the ties between the two countries loosened, Norway lost her political and economic independence; her throne was inherited by Danish kings, and the German Hansa got economic control of the country, which was exploited almost as thoroughly as it is by the German occupational forces to-day.

The last ties were cut in 1468, when the Orkneys and the Shetlands were pledged by the Dano-Norwegian King Christian I for the payment of the dowry of his daughter Margaret betrothed to James III.

Scots in Norway

But for a long time the Shetlanders continued to sail to Bergen. The broad fjord leading up to the town, the Hjeltefjord, is still named after them. Scottish families have settled in Norway, especially in the western towns, and given to Norway some of her best men. Norway's greatest composer, Edward Grieg, was of Scottish extraction. His grandfather hailed from Culloden.

A Norwegian has a strangely homelike feeling when he comes to Scotland. The landscape, the mountains, the forests, the lakes and the fjords remind him of his own country, and in many parts in the west and the north, and especially in the islands, he finds his own names.

When he meets Scotsmen he has the feeling of meeting near-kinsmen, people who in temperament, manners and outlook on life are very like himself.

In fact, when certain parts of the Middle West of the United States are excepted, there is nowhere such a percentage of Norwegian blood outside the borders of the Norse countries as in Scotland. What is still more important, in Scotland the Norwegian finds the same traditions of liberty and justice as those he is fighting for.

Allies again

Norway and Scotland have again, as in 1295, when Norway joined the Scottish-French alliance, become allies in war. Norwegian boats again cross the North Sea along the Viking routes of old. The Norwegians are heartened in their struggle by the sympathy and hospitality shown to them by the Scottish people, and derive consolation from the thought that the liberation of Norway will start from the country of their kinsmen.



Three of the stones of The Ring of Broga, a "Stonehenge" of Scandinavian origin, at Stenness, in the Orkney Islands.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—49

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after DAM, and make a group of islands.
- 2.—Mix the letters of SORRY and HIKE to make an English county.
3. Change DIRT into DUST, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: DOOR into SHUT, RATES into TAXES, SOLES into HEELS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from GOOD MORNING?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 48

- 1.—ENTAILMENT.
 2. EDINBURGH.
 - 3.—SHIP, SHIN, THIN, THAN, THAT, CHAT, COAT, BOAT, ICE, ACE, ACT, AIT, HIT, HOT.
 - 4.—Lane, Lace, Lame, Lice, Line, Chic, Calm, Came, Mace, Hame, Hale, Hail, Mail, Nail, Name, etc.
- Chain, Claim, Canal, Mania, Chine, Niche, Clean, Leman, etc.

This England and these English

GARDENS.

TO me, England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses—through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents. . . . Nothing can be more touching than to see how the working man and woman, after generations in the towns, will have their tiny bit of garden if they can, will go to gardens if they can, to look at something they have never seen as children, but which their ancestors knew and loved. The love of these things is innate and inherent in our people.



—Lord Baldwin.

QUIZ for today

1. Name a bird which has feathers but no wings.
2. Who wrote "Endymion"?
3. Which of these words is an "intruder," and why?—Sonata, Concerto, Allegro, Fugue, Symphony.
4. When was the Distinguished Service Order established?
5. Which is the largest lake in Asia?
6. How is Easter Sunday fixed?
7. What is the proper meaning of the word "aggravate"?
8. When were dessert strawberries first raised in England?
9. Who was Lady Bountiful?
10. How long is a decade?
11. What common animal is said to cut its own throat while swimming?
12. What is the length of the Tay Bridge?

Answer to Quiz in No. 86

1. A small kangaroo.
2. (a) Gainsborough, (b) Sir Thomas Lawrence.
3. A claymore is a sword; the others are firearms.
4. Platinum.
5. Scotland.
6. The "Brabanconne."
7. Gaelic for a final drink.
8. The onion.
9. Jim Hawkins.
10. 8,926 yards.
11. 1801.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

TO be sure, there were limits set to my wanderings. Toward the sea, my progress was barred by an express prohibition of the savages; and after having made two or three ineffectual attempts to reach it, as much to gratify my curiosity as anything else, I gave up the idea. It was in vain to think of reaching it by stealth, since the natives escorted me in numbers wherever I went, and not for one single moment that I can recall to mind was I ever permitted to be alone.

The green and precipitous elevations that stood ranged around the head of the vale where Marheyo's habitation was situated, effectually precluded all hope of escape in that quarter, even if I could have stolen away from the thousand eyes of the savages.

But these reflections now seldom obtruded upon me; I gave myself up to the passing hour, and if ever disagreeable thoughts arose in my mind I drove them away. When I looked around the verdant recess in which I was buried, and gazed up to the summits of the lofty eminence that hemmed me in, I was well disposed to think that I was in the "Happy Valley,"

The continual happiness which, so far as I was able to judge, appeared to prevail in the valley, sprung principally from that all-pervading sensation which Rousseau has told us he at one time experienced, the mere buoyant sense of a healthful physical existence. And, indeed, in this particular the Typees had ample reason to felicitate themselves, for sickness was almost unknown. During the whole period of my stay, I saw but one invalid among them; and on their smooth clear skins you observed no blemish or mark of disease.

I could not avoid thinking that I had fallen in with a greatly traduced people, and I moralised not a little upon the disadvantage of having a bad name, which in this instance had given a tribe of savages, who were as pacific as so many lambskins, the reputations of a confederacy of giant-killers.

But subsequent events proved that I had been a little too premature in coming to this conclusion. One day, about noon, happening to be at the Ti, I had lain down on the mats with several of the chiefs, and had gradually sunk into a most luxurious siesta, when I was awakened by a tremendous outcry, and starting up, beheld the natives seizing their spears and hurrying out, while the most puissant of the chiefs, grasping the six muskets which were ranged against the bamboos, followed after, and soon disappeared in the groves.

These movements were accompanied by wild shouts, in which "Happar, Happar," greatly predominated. The islanders were now to be seen running past the Ti, and striking across the valley to the Happar side. Presently I heard the sharp report of a musket from the adjoining hills, and then a burst of voices in the same direction.

At this the women, who had congregated in the groves, set up the most violent clamours, as they invariably do here as elsewhere on every occasion of excitement and alarm, with a view of tranquillising their own minds and disturbing other people. On this particular occasion they made such an outrageous noise, and continued it with such perseverance, that for a while, had entire volleys of musketry been fired off in the neighbouring mountains, I should not have been able to have heard them.

When this female commotion had a little subsided I listened

eagerly for further information. At last bang went another shot, and then a second volley of yells from the hills. Again all was quiet, and continued so for such a length of time that I began to think the contending armies had agreed upon a suspension of hostilities; when pop went a third gun, followed as before with a yell.

After this, for nearly two hours nothing occurred worthy of comment, save some straggling shouts from the hillside, sounding like the halloos of a parcel of truant boys who had lost themselves in the woods.

During the interval I had remained standing on the piazza of the Ti, which directly fronted the Happar mountain, and with no one near me but Kory-Kory and the old superannuated savages I have before described. These latter never stirred from their mats, and seemed altogether unconscious that anything unusual was going on.

As for Kory-Kory, he appeared to think that we were in the midst of great events, and sought most zealously to impress me with a due sense of their importance.

"Mehevi hanna pippee nuee Happar," he exclaimed every five minutes, giving me to understand that under that distinguished captain the warriors of his nation were performing prodigies of valour.

Kory-Kory was in ecstasies, and commenced a vehement harangue, which, so far as I understood it,

MIXED CARS?

H	U	S	B	E	N
M	I	L	S	I	R
H	U	D	G	O	N
T	O	M	T	E	T
A	U	R	B	I	S
S	A	N	R	O	R

On this chart are some much-advertised makes of cars. The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. How many can you find?

(Solution in No. 88)

implied that the result exactly agreed with his expectations, and which, moreover, was intended to convince me that it would be a perfectly useless undertaking, even for an army of fire-eaters, to offer battle to the irresistible heroes of our valley. In all this I of

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



HE CARRIES THE WORLD.

Although his name is not Atlas, it has been said that the Chinese porter "carries the world" on his back. The strength of these skinny men is far beyond what one would expect of them. One of these amazing human Carter Patersons has been known to pick up a piano and carry it on his back for miles. They can shift the furniture of a house without asking help from lorry or truck. As for the brush and basket merchant above, he gets a big knob developed on his shoulder with the weight, but he regards the growth as part of his equipment.

course acquiesced, and looked forward with no little interest to the return of the conquerors, whose victory I feared might not have been purchased without cost to themselves.

The total loss of the victors in this obstinately contested affair was—in killed, wounded, and missing—one forefinger and part of a thumb-nail (which the late proprietor brought along with him in his hand), a severely contused arm, and a considerable effusion of blood flowing from the thigh of a chief who had received an ugly thrust from a Happar spear.

What the enemy had suffered I could not discover, but I presume they had succeeded in taking off with them the bodies of their slain.

Such was the issue of the battle, as far as its results came under my observation; and as it appeared to be considered an event of prodigious importance, I reasonably concluded that the wars of the natives were marked by no very sanguinary traits. I afterwards learned how the skirmish had originated. A number of the Happs had been discovered prowling for no good purpose on the Typee side of the mountain; the alarm sounded, and the in-

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

He was uncouth in appearance, untidy in his dress, was blind in one eye, and drank enormous quantities of tea. He lived and worked in a turning off Fleet Street, where he wrote many books and essays. He married a widow, and was attended by a coloured manservant. He was fierce in argument, very learned, and friendly with most of the literary men of his day. As a child he was touched for the King's Evil by Queen Anne. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters. My first's not in CYLINDER, but in MAGNETO. My second's in BLLENHEIM, not MOSQUITO. My third is in HAWKER, but not TYPHOON. My fourth is in BARRAGE, yet not BALLOON. My fifth is in GROUND STAFF, not AVIATOR. My sixth is in MITCHELL, not GLADIATOR. My seventh's in BUTTER, as well as "MARGE." My eighth's in INVASION, but not in BARGE.

JANE



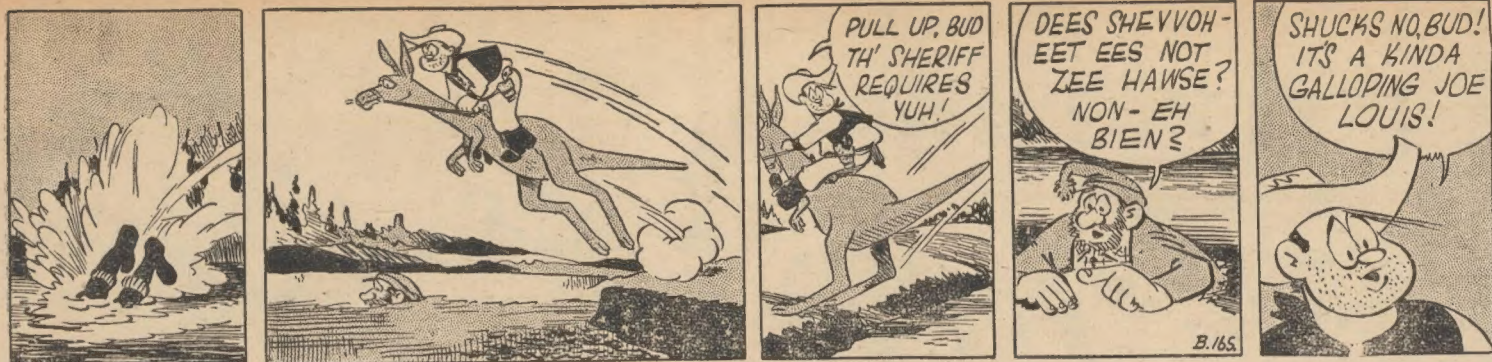
MIXED DOUBLES

Two more games, two more things connected with them.

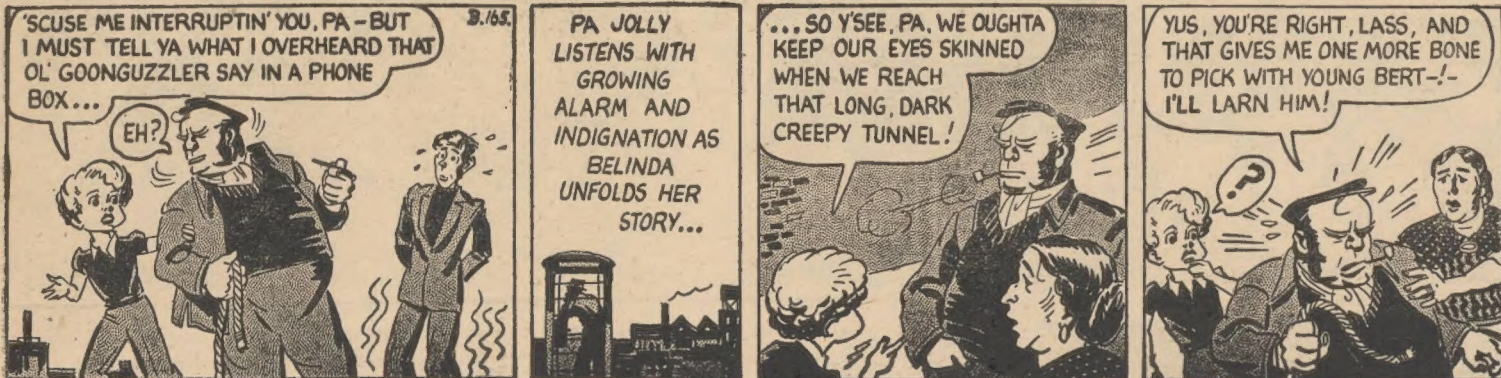
- (a) TRUST CONNIE.
- (b) ADD BRUSH TO RAG.

Answers on Page 3)

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

For two or three days the late event was the theme of general comment; after which the excitement gradually wore away, and the

ODD CORNER

IF you ever find a whale washed up on the shores of Britain you may not claim it as "jetsam." It belongs to the Crown, the head going to the King and the tail to the Queen.

All the swans on the Thames belong to the King, or to the ancient companies of Dyers and Vintners. Ownership is marked by nicking the beaks, the Royal swans having no mark, the Dyers' having one nick, and the Vintners' two. Every year the ceremony of "swan-upping" is undertaken by the three swan-masters, who

round up all the swans and decide the ownership of the cygnets.

Another old custom concerns the skipper of the first tramp-ship to reach Montreal with a cargo of British coal every year. He is ceremoniously offered the choice of a top-hat or a walking-stick on his arrival, the gift signifying appreciation for his getting through the melting ice of the St. Lawrence.

Every year, the Mayor of Rochester boards a barge in the middle of the River Medway, and there, as Admiral of the Medway, he presides over the Medway Court of Admiralty. Among his other duties, he settles disputes about such things as oysters, and he has been doing it for over 200 years.

valley resumed its accustomed tranquillity.

Returning health and peace of mind gave a new interest to everything around me. I sought to diversify my time by as many enjoyments as lay within my reach.

Bathing in company with troops of girls, formed one of my chief amusements. We sometimes enjoyed the recreation in the waters of a miniature lake, into which the central stream of the valley expanded. This lovely sheet of water was almost circular in figure, and about three hundred yards across.

Its beauty was indescribable. All around its banks waved luxuriant masses of tropical foliage, soaring high above which were seen, here and there, the symmetrical shaft of the cocoa-nut tree, surmounted by its tuft of graceful branches, drooping in the air like so many waving ostrich plumes.

Solution to Allied Ports. ABERDEEN.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) Tennis and Court.
(b) Draughts and Board.

Answer to Who Is It?
DR. JOHNSON

The ease and grace with which the maidens of the valley propelled themselves through the water, and their familiarity with the element, were truly astonishing. Sometimes they might be seen gliding along just under the surface, without apparently moving hand or foot; then throwing themselves on their sides, they darted through the water, revealing glimpses of their forms, as, in the course of their rapid progress, they shot for an instant partly into the air; at one moment they dived deep down into the water, and the next they rose bounding to the surface.

I remember upon one occasion plunging in among a parcel of these river-nymphs, and counting vainly on my superior strength, sought to drag some of them under the water; but I quickly repented my temerity.

The amphibious young creatures swarmed about me like a shoal of dolphins, and seizing hold of my devoted limbs, tumbled me about and ducked me under the surface, until from the strange noises which rang in my ears, and the supernatural visions dancing before my eyes, I thought I was in the land of spirits.

(Continued to-morrow)

You've missed the post

By PETER DAVIS

THE Sea Floor Post Office, the first submarine G.P.O. ever established at the bottom of the sea, has closed down in the Bahamas.

Visitors to Nassau had lots of fun going down into the Williamson "photosphere," gazing at the coral forests on the sea bed through the great glass windows, and sending postcards to their friends with the special—and fishy—stamp officially approved by the Bahamas Government.

Now, thanks to the risk of mines, the submarine mail has closed for the duration. In fact, you've missed the post, boys!

If you want to write to a hula-hula gal by tin-can mail, you've missed that, too. Letters to Niaufo, in the Tonga Islands, have been delivered for the past 15 years by tin-can fastened to a log.

Natives swam out two or three miles to passing mail steamers and collected their fan mail. But recently they began to demand the equivalent of £2 a swim—and the famous tin-can mail went bankrupt.

If you've a yen to wish a happy 1944 to the loneliest Englishman in the world, Mr. Alfred Smith, on Easter Island, you'll have to look snappy. An administrator for a British firm holding the island as an agricultural concession, Mr. Smith and the 415 Tahitians, whom he rules, receive their letters once a year. Parcels that miss one mail ship wait twelve months for another.

THE YEARLY MAIL.

Once a year, too, the R.M.S. "Nascopie" completes her yearly delivery of letters to the ice-bound inhabitants of some twenty trading posts and villages on the postal outposts of Canada. Last year only half this delayed mail gave any pleasure. For collectors have discovered the value of a stamp bearing the postmark R.M.S. "Nascopie," and of 32,000 letters in the lost delivery, the philatelic mail accounted for 16,000 pieces.

Right now, maybe, they're packing the parcels for the two lonely men on Willis Island, off the Pacific coast of Australia. Regularly once a quarter their mail is squeezed into a beer barrel and caulked watertight, and tides and currents do the rest.

As close to the ultra-modern Atlantic air-mail route as Nova Scotia the mail is apt to be erratic. Eight miles of sea, jammed in winter with ice-floes, is part of the daily round of the postmen of Pictou Island, for instance.

The crossing is usually made in ice boats. When the postmen meet pack ice—sometimes towering to ten or twenty feet—the men of His Majesty's mails get out and drag the boat over it.

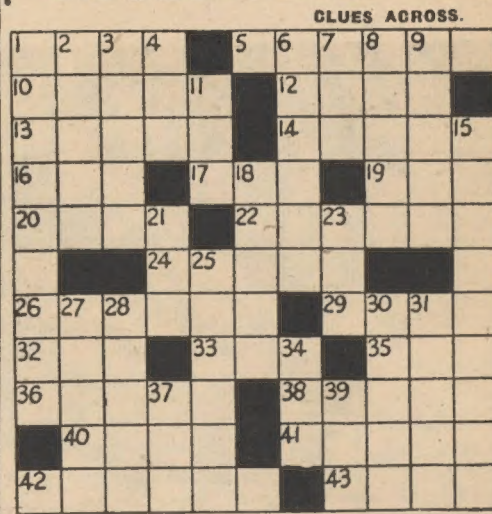
Small wonder if, recently, they were trapped in the ice in zero weather for over twelve hours before a Government ice-breaker could be rushed to the scene.

Not long ago, the Canadian North-West Mounties established a post office at a record northerly point at Pond's Inlet, in Baffin Land. Then they capped it with another at Craig Harbour, now the most northerly post office in the world and less than 800 miles from the North Pole.

Yet even the British G.P.O. has its share of queer post offices. At Cley, in Norfolk, there's one built almost entirely of bones—as local tradition has it, the bones of a whale.

Until the war, too, you could buy stamps from a liveried footman at the public post office, in Holkham Hall, Lord Leicester's estate.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Stuff.
 - 5 Talk volubly.
 - 10 Dwelling-places.
 - 12 Water plant.
 - 13 Girl's name.
 - 14 Boy's name.
 - 16 Collection.
 - 17 Recede.
 - 19 Card.
 - 20 Trifles.
 - 22 Portrayed.
 - 24 Swiftly.
 - 26 Outer garment.
 - 29 Admonish.
 - 32 Neuralgia.
 - 33 Tiny.
 - 35 Tangle.
 - 36 Ermine in summer.
 - 38 Palm.
 - 40 Immense.
 - 41 Musical adjustor.
 - 42 Distilling vessel.
 - 43 Whirl.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Hard fruits.
 - 2 Cattle round-up.
 - 3 Friendliness.
 - 4 Played against.
 - 6 Eastern language.
 - 7 Inner room.
 - 8 Started.
 - 9 Bring out.
 - 11 Pronoun.
 - 15 Sitting.
 - 18 Trumpet sound.
 - 21 Perched.
 - 23 Gull.
 - 25 Grey alloy.
 - 27 Pliant.
 - 28 Reject with scorn.
 - 30 Correct.
 - 31 Went fast.
 - 34 Consume.
 - 37 Past.
 - 39 Evergreen shrub.

P CRAFT SAP
O BOES RATIO
MINT COYOTE
PLEAT URN T
L IRIS ERR
COBLE ESSAY
AWL MARL V
N ORB SOLID
ANNULS GONE
DODGE HAVEN
AWA SHINE Y

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Bonnie Scotland

An open-air rally at Lauriston Castle, Edinburgh. Though you cannot hear the skirl of the pipes, you feel almost compelled to step out with them. Youngster on the left is doing so, and though she's starting on the wrong foot, there's no mistaking her determination.



★ Did you ever see such curiosity? Lummy, they're not half having a conference. Guy, on the right, is actually calculating the length of the catch or wondering if he has sufficient line to do the job. It must be some fish, even takes an extra hand underneath to hold it up. ★

★ Would you believe it! Seven chaps to capture a fish small enough to go into mother's shopping bag, and this kid lands a whopper all on his lonesome. Even the fish looks down in the mouth about it. Blimey! What an insult — the kid didn't even have a line — just tickled the darned thing. ★



Sleeping Beauty, up-to-date. Paulette Goddard takes it easy at her desert home, away from the film studios. We never cared over-much for the sands of the desert before, but, boy-oh-boy, we'd move the Sahara with a saltspoon if we thought we'd hit on anything like Paulette.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"So long,
here's the kid
with my
lunch!"

